

## Promises

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Summary: It was the one promise in his entire life Dean Winchester would always strive to keep above all else. Set right after 11x17 'Red Meat'.

## Promises

**\*\*Hello all! I'm back with my second Supernatural fanfic, this time based after the episode "Red Meat". I really enjoyed the episode and I got this idea not too long ago. Its shortly after the ending, when Dean and Sam drive off after Sam is saved from near death and they saved Michelle.\*\***

**\*\*Without further ado, please enjoy! I own nothing.\*\***

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<p><strong><span>Promises<span>\*\*

Sam had wondered for almost the entire ride back from that community center what had Dean done after that whole werewolf hunt went down. Of course he knew Dean was lying- hell, he thought he had kicked the bucket himself, so there was no way Dean could have just believed he had lived through that gunshot.

Sam carefully touched his abdomen, where the stitches from his surgery had been placed. Granted he felt like complete shit, but he was glad that his brother was alright and the case had ended on a mostly good note- Michelle was safe and she would be strong and move on... he hoped. As for Corbin... he felt terrible for the man. He didn't need to die like that, he was young. They both were, but... they couldn't save everyone. Sam knew that from experience.

Bringing his mind back to the present, his thoughts went to his brother, who was currently humming along to a song he was blasting through the radio. He knew Dean was lying when he said he knew his

baby brother hadn't died. What he didn't know was why.

Hadn't Dean gotten it in his thick, thick skull that Sam was staying by his side when they fought the Darkness? Especially since Dean really believed he couldn't take her on his own... yeah, right.

Didn't he get he didn't want to leave Dean behind anymore, that he needed his big brother as much as big brother needed him?

So what the hell had Dean done? What was going through his mind when he... oh. Oh freaking shit.

It hit him hard. Sam had a sinking feeling he knew what Dean had done. What Dean would have done without a second thought... again.

If that was true, if Dean had done what he's thinking his brother did...

Sam sighed and rested his head against the cool window of his brother's Impala, closing his eyes. His body needed the rest from all the excitement, but there was one thing he knew for sure.

He needed to hear Dean say it.

He really needed to know what possessed his brother to make that deal, to know what was really spinning in his head.

\* \* \*

><p>Dean glanced over at his brother, who finally conked out not even twenty minutes ago, and smiled fondly at him before lowering the volume enough to let him sleep. He gripped the steering wheel a bit tight, feeling guilty for lying to his brother about his almost disastrous deal- something Sam would chew him out a hundred times for... again- and feeling the events of the past 24 rewinding in his head over and over again.<p>

Dean knew this wasn't the first time his brother had died in his arms, but it never made it easier to bear. Especially from a simple gunshot...

Sam had been so willing to wait for his brother while he got those two young kids to safety, knowing- no, trusting Dean to come back and save him. But that was the thing, Dean realized.

They had become trapped in the endless loop of sacrificing their souls for each other, finding ways to keep each other with him in the living for years. It was a bad habit, and a weakness any demon, spirit, human or other entity would take advantage of once they knew about it. It would be the death of them, and seeing how Dean had killed Death himself, Reaper Billie would find some sick humor if one of them should die... she wouldn't dare bring either one of them back...

\_'Shit... we really pissed her the hell off...'\_ Dean thought with a chuckle as he made a left onto another stretch of road. He thought about heading back to the bunker to rest for a bit, but seeing as that was a bit of a ways off and he really didn't feel like sleeping

in his Baby, he decided to find someplace to stay for the night.

Things were getting so crazy. The Darkness was growing stronger, and without Castiel, Dean didn't know what he and his little brother could do. Then there was the link he now had with Amara, weakening him more, leaving just his oversized baby brother to fight her alone- something Dean outright refused to let happen if he could help it.

Right now there was just too much going on. He needed a drink, Sammy needed to sleep, they both needed to save their angelic friend, and they needed to kill The Darkness fast.

Hell, at least two of the four things could get done tonight.

\* \* \*

><p>"Hey. Sammy, wake up. We're here."<p>

Sam grunted and let out a yawn, half able to stretch his long arms and legs before he winced- he'd kinda forgotten he'd just got out of the hospital not too long ago...

"W-Where are we?"

Dean cut the ignition off and chuckled at his brother's movements, stiff as a board and rather cramped given his height. "Hell if I know. We're still kinda far from the bunker, so it's here for tonight. I'm beat."

Sam nodded. He knew Dean had a lot on his mind and needed some time to himself. He could care less right then- he just wanted a bed. A nice, comfy bed. "Yeah, okay. Damn, this hurts..." he muttered to himself.

"You okay?"

"Y-Yeah, yeah... it just hurts when I pull on it, that's all. Don't worry, Dean."

Sam carefully got himself out of his car, while Dean just shook his head and grabbed their bags from the trunk. Sam had gotten them a room- Room 132- and was paying for the room when Dean came in.

"All set?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. It's this one." Sam said, showing Dean the key. He handed it off to him before he sucked in a deep breath- damn, this gunshot wound smarts! He couldn't wait to take a hot shower and get some sleep, and in the morning they'd be back to the REAL hunt... the hunt to stop Amara once and for all, and save their friend.

"Hey. Sam. You okay?" Dean couldn't help but be the overprotective big brother, the worrywart of the bunch... and it made a small smile slowly appear across Sam's face.

"I'm good, man. Don't worry about me. Go have a drink or whatever. I'm just tired, that's all." Sam tried to convince him, smiling tiredly. "Please, Dean. I'm alright. I just... need some

sleep."

Dean eyed Sam for a moment. He then nodded without another word, though his jaw was set. Sam could see he wanted to explode, but maybe he would calm down once he got some alcohol in him. The quick walk to the room was silent.

Once inside, and after a quick once over, Dean dropped his duffle on the bed closest the door, and dropped Sam's on the bed next to it. Sam walked over and dug through it, finding some sweatpants, clean underwear and a t shirt, and told Dean he was going to take a much needed shower. Dean eyed his stitches and then his brother, but Sam just rolled his eyes.

"I can manage a shower, man."

"Whatever you say, Sammy." Dean chuckled at the clearly obvious bitchface he knew he was getting as he set about getting the salt lines prepared and finding something for him to wear. As soon as he heard the shower running, Dean sat down on the edge on the bed.

Would Billie have really cast him to The Empty? And if Sam wasn't dead, and he had died for nothing, Sam would have never known... maybe he should have told him what happened in the first place...

But that was the thing! He and Sam had a very sick co dependency on one another, and Sam was still feeling guilty about never looking for Dean while the elder Winchester was trapped in Purgatory. Imagining Sam's guilt increasing tenfold when he found out his brother almost made a useless sacrifice wasn't something high on Dean's list at the moment.

But Sam had geniueley wanted to know...

"Dean? Hey, Dean. Anyone there?" Sam was in front of him now, holding his towel closed with one hand and waving his other hand in front of his face. His insanely shaggy hang clung to his face and neck, dripping water on Dean's jeans.

Dean made a face. "Dude, really? You couldn't dry yourself off first?" Sam chuckled and made his way to his bed, while Dean got up and prepared for his turn.

"No bar tonight?" Dean shook his head no, grinning.

"Nah. I think one bar can live without the irresistible Dean charm." Sam rolled his eyes but couldn't stifle the laugh that bubbled out of him.

"Yeah dude, whatever."

"Dammit, Sammy, you used all the hot water!" Dean yelled from behind the door. Sam rolled his eyes and pulled his bandages off to check his stitiches and change his bandage for the night.

"No I didn't!"

"SAM!" Dean screamed as he was hit with a cold blast of water. His

little brother snickered to himself as he heard another undignified yelp coming from the bathroom- And he calls me a drama queen, he thought with a smile.

"You'll live, Dean!" Sam winced as that last statement was causing his injury to act up. After he was dressed, he dug around Dean's duffle for the first aid kit, particularly for the Advil they kept. He could really use one right about now... his head was killing him...

As he got settled in his bed and waited for Dean, he could hear his older brother singing rather off key, but was too tired to really pinpoint exactly what song it was, but he knew without a doubt it had to be by Led Zeppelin, his brother's favorite band. Sam chuckled softly to himself before his gears got him thinking.

He didn't know what Dean had done to save him. He wasn't in the woods with him and he was freaked out when Dean had basically lied to him about trying to make a deal to save a life he wasn't even sure was alive or dead.

It didn't surprise Sam. After all, they both made a deal to respect the other's choice about living or death, no matter how they felt on the matter. But Dean couldn't do that, not when it came to his family. Sam and Cas, that was all Dean had, and if Sam had truly died...

He froze. He didn't want to think Dean would do that. But it was Dean Winchester he was referring to, his big brother. Dean couldn't survive without his Sammy...

Sam smiled at the thought. Dean had always said that about him. That he was his pain in the ass little brother, his Sammy, his kid. Which the younger hunter had no qualms about- Dean had sacrificed so much of himself to grow Sam into the man he was today. Dean had given him a lot, and while they had strains at times, Sam should have known better.

Dean would sell his soul ten times over if it meant Sam would live.

And that's what bothered him. Dean was worth so much more than that, and he thought that he was just a flesh sack that can toss himself away when he wasn't needed? Sam winced; considering some of the things he'd done and said to Sam over the years, it was no wonder. And now Sam realized Dean truly felt more worthless when he openly admitted that there was no way he, the strongest hunter Sam had ever known, could not stop the Darkness... only Sam.

But none of that was true! Sam blinked back tears burning at his eyes and threw an arm over them.

"It's not true, Dean... you're still the best. You can fix this..." Sam muttered quietly.

"Fix what, Sammy?" Dean had emerged from his shower after he'd sung himself silly and enjoyed a thorough hot shower. He noticed Sam lying on his back, arm thrown over his eyes, and worried at first because Sam only really did that when he was trying to control himself or hide the fact he'd been crying.

He was trying not to worry and decided to play the lighthearted card. Maybe it would work, maybe not.

"Fix what? Are you okay?" Dean asked quickly when Sam didn't respond. Sam nodded yes, still not moving his arm. Dean crossed the small gap between the two and sat on his brother's bed, aware he was still wet and clad only in a towel.

"Dean... be honest with me, man." Sam finally moved his arm and blinked to clear his vision.

Dean arched an eyebrow and motioned for him to continue. Sam knew what was about to happen the moment he opened his mouth- either Dean was not going to talk about it, or he'd ignore the question and switch the topic.

Sam was prepared for both.

"You tried to sell your soul to save me, right." Sam stated calmly, hazel eyes fixed firmly on his brother. Dean blinked, caught off guard- espically since he thought that conversation had ended in the Impala. '\_Apparently not. Damn.' \_

"Dean."

The elder Winchester looked off for a moment, his jaw set. Sam sighed and began to sit up, when a firm grip on his shoulder pushed him back down. Sam glanced up to see Dean's green hues piercing into his. "D-Dean...?"

"If you must know, Sam, yes. I did. There, are you fucking happy now?!" he snapped. Sam didn't say anything, just let the response sink deep in his mind. After Dean got up and dried himself off, he threw on some sweats and a t shirt and sat on the edge of his bed. Neither said anything for a few moments.

"Why?" Sam's soft voice suddenly cut through the room. Dean's head snapped up. "What?"

"Why would you do that? You didn't know if I had lived; what if you'd made the wrong choice?" Sam wasn't sure what made him ask- at first. The more he lingered on it, the more he realized he could have very well lost his brother that night.

After everything that's happened, he wasn't sure he could handle it again. He'd lost him more than enough.

Dean opened his mouth to snap at his little brother, when he really stopped to think about his brother's question. He hadn't known- truly- if Sam was dead that night- he was panicking, worried about Michelle and Corbin and realizing he could've just killed the kid. Corbin had tried to make him leave Sam behind before, it was obvious that he had caused Sam's body to lapse into shock like that!

Sam turned to look at his brother, and was surprised when Dean got up and moved to sit on Sam's bed, although he didn't make any eye contact. Sam tilted his head a bit and looked at Dean, wondering if he was going to relieve another Dean Winchester sucker punch.

"Dean?"

"I didn't... think about that, Sam. I was freaking the hell out- I mean, you weren't breathing, and I just... I hadn't... thought about you going into shock. I should've thought about that- you lost so much blood, it was a miracle you lasted that long." Dean admitted, ducking his head in shame. His hands fisted in his lap.

"Dammit, I didn't know you weren't dead until Billie told me. She was willing to reap my soul and I... oh shit. Sam, I fucked up, didn't I..." Dean looked at Sam, realization setting in, his eyes wideening as Sam nodded slowly.

"Yes, but... Dean, it wasn't just that. Why do you always feel like you have to give up your soul to save me? Haven't you done that enough?" Sam wondered, and Dean groaned.

The puppy dog look... the damn puppy dog look, and Dean already knew from growing his kid up... there was no escaping this one. No matter how old Sam got. \_'How the hell can he make that damn face AND still be a bitch? Sammy, you never fail to amaze me, little brother.'\_

Still waiting for an answer, Sam continued to hold Dean's gaze. Dean thought about his words carefully, then answered.

"I can't let you die, Sammy... I just can't do it. I've lost you more times than I've died and it... doesn't get any easier, you know?" Dean said softly, leaning against the headboard. Sam wanted to think Dean would stay there for a while, and against all better independence judgement, he listed sideways and scooted down a bit so he could rest his head on Dean's shoulder. Dean relaxed at the touch.

It was just like Sam to always want physical reassurance, even while he was going through his independence streak, Dean fondly remembered. He never let his obvious wants or need for it show, but Dean knew Sam. He knew Sam would find this small action worth more than anything.

"I know, Dean. I've watched you die WAY too much in my life. You're important to me. Why don't you believe that?" Sam almost whispered, as if he were afraid Dean would suddenly move and end the chick-flick territory he knew they had long since waltzed into.

Dean sighed. Sam didn't need to hear the words to know what Dean was thinking. "Dean, you gave up everything- I mean, your childhood, your chance to be a normal teenager, EVERYTHING, just to take care of me. I can never express how grateful I am to have a brother like you. Even after everything I've done to you, everything I said... Purgatory-"

Dean \_did\_ move right then. He grabbed Sam's chin and forced him to look in his face, pulling him off his shoulder. "And I told you we ARE GOOD. I'm over that, Sam! Why won't you let it go?!"

"Because I should've been down there! You didn't deserve to go through that! I didn't even try to look for you and you never failed to remind me, so tell me why I can't feel guilt about it!" Sam yelled back, trying to keep his emotion in check. He was still hurt after all.

Dean's hardened look softened and he carefully pulled Sam into a hug. Sam froze for a brief moment- Dean hadn't hugged him like this since they were kids.

"Sammy... I told you already. I was a dick for saying the things I said and doing what I did. I knew you wanted a normal life and honestly... I should've-"

"Don't. Dean, don't you dare say it." Sam warned, his voice wavering slightly. He leaned a bit more into the warmth of the hug.

"It's true, Sammy. I can't give you normal. I know it's all you wanted since you found out about our lifestyle. I knew that because I wanted that for you too."

Sam blinked, and Dean released him so he could see those wide hazel eyes, close to spilling tears. He pushed back some of his young brother's unruly long hair while Sam struggled to find his voice. "W-What...?" he choked, not understanding what just happened all of the sudden.

"I never wanted this life for you, Sam. I could handle it better because... well, in some way, this was the only thing I found normal. The whole settling down routine, having a family, I couldn't put them what I went through. And you didn't need to be part of that, either. That's why I tried so hard to keep what Dad did a secret. I wanted you to grow up safe and get the hell out first chance you got."

Dean chuckled and resumed his original sitting position, resting one arm on his knee. "When you got accepted into Straford, yes it hurt because I knew I'd have to let you go. I couldn't protect you and it bothered the hell out of me. But seeing you so happy, seeing that you finally had a chance to be normal and live the life I knew you wanted... I couldn't be more proud of you, Sammy."

Sam shook his head. "Dean, I... I'm so sorry... it should've been me... I should've-"

Dean growled and leaned close to Sam's face, enough that their noses were touching. "Finish that sentence, and I will seriously beat your ass to next week." he threatened. Sam just sat there, clueless and defeated.

"Why do you always do that, Dean? Why can't you let me protect you for once?" Sam whispered, a lone tear rolling down his cheeks. Dean moved back and smiled faintly.

"It's not your job, Sammy. I have to keep you safe."

"But I can watch your back too! And you almost died tonight and what then? I wouldn't have known until I found your body lifeless in that hospital! Don't you get it?!" Sam yelled, the stress of today's hunt and his injury and overall exhaustion starting to get to him. "Don't you understand what you mean to me, Dean? You're my brother and I can't live without you. I need you. \_

Dean didn't reply. Instead, he glanced at Sam's abdomen briefly, then reached out and pulled Sam's shirt up so he could inspect it. Seeing a clean bandage, Dean lowered the shirt and forced Sam to lay



down.

"Dean, I'm not a baby anymore. And we both promised we would respect the other's choice. You promised that." Sam said quietly.

"I know, Sam. But..." \_When it's you, I can't think straight. I need you, Sammy. I need you by my side.\_

Sam sighed as his head hit the pillow. But he couldn't sleep yet. Fighting sleep, he looked at his brother as Dean moved about the room.

"Dean..."

Dean looked over his shoulder as he finished checking the salt lines.

"C-Can you stay here...? Please?" Sam asked in that five year old voice that just seemed so out of place for a hunter like him. Dean could never deny that voice, either.

Dean grabbed the remote and flipped the TV on as he made his way back to Sam's bed. Sam had made some space for him and once Dean settled down, Sam wrapped an arm about his waist.

"It's not fair, Dean. Why do you keep getting hurt..." Sam mumbled in a drowsy voice. Dean didn't want Sam to see his misty eyes and kept them firmly glued on the crappy movie that played on the TV.

"It's our life, Sammy. Now get some rest. We'll be home soon." Dean said, stroking Sam's upper arm as Sam moved closer.

"No... you... you don't deserve to die. Stop it... stop doing that... because of... of me..." Sam pleaded as his eyes closed. His grip on Dean's nightshirt was powerful for someone who was tired.

Dean let that last sentence rattle around in his skull. Stop dying for Sam. \_HIS \_Sammy. Could he ever understand such a concept?

"Sammy... I'm sorry. But I'll always give my life for you." he whispered. He was shocked when Sam suddenly shot upright in the bed, his cheeks clearly wet. "S-Sammy?! Are you-"

"Dean, that's not right!" Sam snapped, cutting him off. "What happened to our promise?! What if I-"

"What if you what, Sam?" Dean narrowed his eyes and glared at his brother, whose sudden boost of courage has begun to ebb away. "What if you what?!"

"What if I wanted to die?" Sam asked softly, reached to place his hand over Dean's to keep him anchored. "What if you wanted to die? To let it go? What would you do then?"

Dean huffed but thought about it before he spoke. Locking a calm gaze with Sam, he whispered, "Sammy... if I wanted to let it go... its because I have nothing left here. Without Cas or... or you, I couldn't... I'd kill myself."

"By choice. What if we wanted to die by choice and we couldn't do it together?"

Dean yanked his hand away and ran it through his short cut hair before he just gave up thinking about it. "I-I don't know!" Dean threw his hands up in defeat and irritation. "I don't fucking know and I don't want to fucking know!"

"And that's what I'm afraid of...can't you see, Dean? I want you to be happy. I don't... god, I don't want to keep losing you because you have to protect me! I don't want that, Dean. I never wanted that..." Sam stopped and took a breath to steady his uneven breathing. When he looked at Dean again, his voice cracked as he asked, "Why can't you be happy without me?"

"Because I'm not like you, Sam!" Dean finally admitted. "I'm not strong enough to live without my damn baby brother! I can't be happy unless I know you're breathing and alive and alright!"

Sam blinked at the outburst before he moved his hand and settled back on the bed, his hair splayed out on his pillow. He looked at Dean and smiled weakly, not even caring about the fact his body screamed sleep or that he was openly crying in front of Dean.

"I'm not strong enough to live without you either, Dean." Sam admitted, taking a deep, shaky breath before he closed his eyes. "No matter how independent I wanted to be, how badly I wanted my own life, I was never able to be so far away from you. I needed you, Dean. But I also needed you to learn to make yourself happy, with or without me."

"Were you happy at school?" Dean asked, dread settling in his gut for some strange reason. "Or while I was in Hell or..." Sam nodded once.

"Yes and no. I was glad to be out of the family business, but... it was lonely without you, Dean. After your deal was up and I had to watch you get shredded to death, I... I didn't want to live anymore. I honestly wanted to die right there with you. It hurt... god it hurt..."

Dean placed a hand on the back of Sam's neck, and Sam found the strength to continue. "Even after that, after... Purgatory... I realized something. That we've always given up our soul to keep the other alive. And I knew we couldn't keep doing that. So that was part of the reason why I was so mad when I found out I'd been possessed by that nutjob Gadreel."

Dean nodded. "I deserved everything you sent at me. Sam, I swear if I had known..."

"I know. I should've known back then, but I know now. Just like I know why Billie wants us dead for good so bad, and not because you killed her boss." Dean and Sam laughed weakly at that thought.

"Only you find a way to make a mega chick flick moment, you know that?" Dean joked half heartedly, pulling Sam close to his chest. Sam smiled against the rise and fall of his brother's breathing. "Shut up, Dean."

"But in all seriousness, Sam..." Dean said, "I don't know if I can hold our deal to respect the other's choice. I can't just... watch you die like that, you know?"

Sam nodded. "I know. But Dean, please. I know you can't live on without me because I couldn't do it either. I also know one day, we're going to have to. We can't die at the exact same time."

At that Dean's lips tugged upward just slightly. "I promised we would, Sammy. Either we go together or not at all."

"I know. But what if we can't? Tonight I almost lost you and I wouldn't have even known! You almost lost me right in front of your eyes and I know you, Dean. We can't keep sacrificing like this just so the other can live and be miserable. It isn't fair."

"... you're right." Dean said after a long pause. He sighed heavily, running his hand through his brother's hair. "I just can't think straight when it comes to you, Sammy. Anytime something happens, I just can't... You're really all I have..."

"You're all I have too. And that's why... if the time comes and you truly wanted to let it go before me... I would let you go. I wouldn't let you get possessed or anything, nor would I make any deals because I know you'd kill me and find a way to get me out, which ends up putting us back to square one. And it's not because I don't care or love you, but... because you don't need to come back to anymore pain and suffering here. I couldn't live without you, but knowing you'll always be in constant hurt, constant pain... being alone, feeling guilt because you couldn't break my deal or save my life... you'd..."

Sam didn't finish. Dean knew what he meant.

"I'm sorry, Sammy. I should've thought about it before trying to make a deal..."

"It's okay. I'm just glad everything turned out alright..." He stopped with a loud, long yawn. Dean couldn't help but laugh, tightening his hold enough that Sam would finally fully relax and rest his body for tonight before they headed home

"That's good. Now, seriously, go to sleep man. You need it."

Sam nodded and his eyes started to dip closed, but he kept them stubbornly open to say one last thing to his brother. He figured he may as well since, in his big brother's lawbook, he used up enough chick flick quotas for about three lifetimes. "De'n..." he murmured.

"Yeah?"

"I love you..." he let out in a breath before he finally allowed the pull of sleep to take over. Dean sat there, stunned at first, but slowly, he felt the words hit home. Pushing more of his brother's hair out of his face, he began stroking his cheek with his thumb, chuckling to himself as Sam leaned into the touch.

"Me too, little brother. I love you too." Dean breathed. He really couldn't picture a life without the strong, intelligent, yet at times

emotionally run hunter that slept so soundly in his arms, so trusting that Dean would protect him, as Dean had always sworn to do. No matter what they said, how many promises they made, Dean was sure of only one promise he could keep from life until death and beyond.

Dean knew in that moment, one way or another, every promise or vow they tried to make would just keep flying out the window. When it came to one another, nothing was too sacred to sacrifice. Souls, deals, Dean would do it all. He knew himself too well when it came to Sam.

He couldn't let them die apart. It wouldn't end well.

"I promised Mom and Dad that I'd always, ALWAYS look out for my pain in the ass little brother, Sammy... and that's the only promise I can honestly keep..." Dean whispered, tears freely rolling down his cheeks.

After a few moments, Sam shifted in his arm, his head nestling closer to Dean's neck, his hair tickling his brother's skin. Dean rested his head on top of his and let out a shuddering breath. This would never happen again until the next run in with near death, he mused. He'd never be able to just savor the feel of his little brother, to know that he could just hold him tight and keep him safe.

Sam was right, but Dean was a Winchester. Winchesters were stubborn, and if Dean wasn't anything but.

"I'm not letting you die without me, Sam. It's not gonna happen on my watch." Dean said to his sleeping brother. He knew Sam was the only one who could truly put The Darkness down for good, but that didn't mean he wouldn't stay by his side, keep him safe, support him when he was down, give him strength.

Dean was not clocking out until Sam was safe. And that was HIS choice.

'I'll always protect my kid. Always.' \_Dean swore moments before fatigue pulled him to sleep as well.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>And complete! Boy that was kinda hard to write... I may of rambled on too much but hopefully everything connects in some form or another. <strong>

\*\*Please let me know what you think, as well as any tips for improvement in this fandom! This is only my second fanfiction with the boys, so I'm still learning. \*\*

\*\*Until next time. \*\*

End  
file.